

# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —



**JANUARY  
1955**







## *Exotic Chowringhee Road*

To one who is not a CBI-er, this scene appears to be just another street in some old city. But to the GI who served in India, this picture represents an enchanting thoroughfare in a romantic city — Chowringhee Road in Calcutta. We remember the many times we walked down this avenue, or rode in a rickshaw, horse gharry or taxi. We visited the many small shops, had lunch at Firpo's or a cocktail at the Grand Hotel, saw a movie at the Metro Cinema, perhaps winding up the day with dinner at a Chinese restaurant. That was 10 years ago, when this picture was taken. Chowringhee hasn't changed much in the past 50 years, and is not likely to show much change in the next 50. It's still Calcutta's liveliest street.



# EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA · BURMA · INDIA

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Clarence R. Gordon ..... Managing Editor

## CONTRIBUTING STAFF

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Wm. J. Adams ..... Staff Artist  
Howard D. Scott, Jr. .... Staff Artist  
Boyd Sinclair ..... Book Review Editor

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## Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 1769

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## Letter FROM The Editor . . .

● We have just seen the itinerary for Roundup's 'round-the-world Pilgrimage to India, scheduled for next October. The brochure is now on the press and a copy will be sent to any reader who requests it. The final price for the 45-day all-expense-paid tour (we added three more days to include a visit to Kashmir) is \$2,250. This includes EVERYTHING except 12 meals which were purposely left out in places like Calcutta, Bombay and Paris, to enable us to have an occasional meal in some special cafe. It includes, of course, air fare from your home city and back. The travel experts have planned the tour so carefully and thoroughly that, for example, we will arrive at Agra, India, in time to see the Taj Mahal by moonlight! Much care and many months of work have gone into the planning of this wonderful tour. After you have read the brochure you'll wonder why the price is so low!

● Last month we offered free a new CBI-patch decal to any reader sending a self-addressed, stamped envelope. At the time we go to press we mailed nearly 3,000 decals, working overtime to get them off promptly. The offer still stands. If you have not sent for yours, you are invited to do it now. Extra decals (no limit) are 5 cents each.

● We'll bet a good many Kunming CBI-ers will remember the familiar face on this month's cover. We don't have his name but he was a well-known newspaper lad around 14th Air Force Headquarters.



## Typhus Team

● Was very much interested in "Medics and Nurses" (Nov.) and especially in the mention of scrub typhus with "a four-man team of scientists headed by Col. Thomas T. Machie, arrived in CBI on Oct. 22, 1944, to carry on the work." I was one of the four. This article has sparked a train of thought which might go on and on but I shall refrain for the present.

Dr. GORDON E. DAVIS,  
Hamilton, Mont.

## Burmese Girl

● I am sure the Patricia Ling, whose letter appeared in the November issue, is the same young girl I spoke with in Myitkyina in fall of 1945. I believe she lived in Mandalay shortly before fleeing to Northern Burma.

DONALD C. COHEN,  
Staten Island, N.Y.

## Twin City Basha

● There's good news for CBI vets in the Twin City area. We have started a Twin City Basha, the first one in Minnesota. We had 40 at our last meeting in October, many more to come. We are now in the process of obtaining our charter. Anyone in Minnesota and western Wisconsin who would like to attend one of our Basha meetings, contact me by mail or phone (NEstor 8520).

THOMAS F. LYNCH,  
1404 Belmont Lane,  
St. Paul 13, Minn.

## Kurmitola-Tezgaon

● Stationed with ATC at Kurmitola, 1345th AAFBU, and Tezgaon, 1346th AAFBU. Would like to hear from someone of the old outfit.

FRED A. SIMON,  
Route 8,  
Chillicothe, Ohio

JANUARY, 1955



### Young Seagrave

● My interest in the "Pilgrimage to India" is more than passing. Since World War II I have visited New Zealand and Australia, several countries in South America, and last summer I was in Germany, Italy, Egypt and Iran . . . I could not hope to return to Myitkyina, once a botanical paradise, as reported by Beebe, it was shambles when I was there. I missed Kipling's Mandalay, where "the sun comes up like thunder across the bay" and did not get to Rangoon. I did get to Lashio, had dinner with Dr. Gordon Seagrave, whom I was told was old and doddering, but he suddenly appeared over the hill with a bunch of youngsters with whom he had been playing baseball. He was in fine fettle and we had dinner with him and his precious Burmese nurses, native rice and all the fixings. I have been wandering, as an ex-CBI-er should . . .

Dr. GORDON E. DAVIS,  
Hamilton, Mont.

### 22nd Air Depot Gp.

● Never see any mention of my old outfit, the 22nd Air Depot Group, but enjoy Roundup just the same. Was formerly with the 2472nd QM Truck Co. and 91st Depot Supply Co. at Kharagpur, India.

ROGER BATEMAN,  
Sandusky, Ohio



COL. GORDON SEAGRAVE, "The Burma Surgeon," works in his garden at Namkham, Burma, with three of his nurses. U.S. Army photo, Aug. 10, 1943.

### 'Tales' of CBI

● Enjoy the magazine lots and especially many of those big tales you print that no one believes but us CBI wallahs. Like when I tell people I've been where they have 600 inches of rainfall a year, or you could drive a truck down a bank in the morning to a bridge, and that same afternoon, due to the rise of the stream you could drive straight out on it; or the time I caught one of Burma's huge spiders alive and after being frozen by a medic he measured nine inches from tips of his longest legs. Then there's the one about riding in a jeep as a passenger in mud so deep you had to hold your feet up to keep the mud out of your shoes.

ALBERT C. CONLEY,  
Canton, N. C.

### 5th Liaison Squadron

● Have been a subscriber since July of this year. Find every issue very interesting and informative. Especially interesting were the issues carrying a picture of the CAOTU at Karachi to which I was attached in 1944, and pictures and mention of places in and around Bhamo where I was with the 5th Liaison Squadron in 1945.

RICHARD J. BRUN,  
N. Hollywood, Calif.



LEE APPEL poses with two young bearers outside the 7th Bomb Group's Armament Section.

## CBI-PATCH NECKTIE BAR!



Let's wear it proudly, all the time!

The Lapel Pin is a must, of course, but you don't always wear a coat. We have the shoulder-patch miniature, mounted on an attractive 12K gold-plated necktie bar. All CBI vets should have one!

Hint to the family: An excellent Christmas gift!

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J. L. Footitt 31 Choate Road Park Forest, Ill.



### 13th Ferrying Squadron

● Would like to hear from someone who served with the 13th Ferrying Squadron, First Ferrying Group, and the 301st Transport Squadron, 29th Transport Group, Sookerating, India.

EVERETT ANDERSON,  
Minneapolis 3, Minn.

### 305th Service Group

● Think your contest is a great way to get new subscribers and altho I live in a small place I will send in a few. In looking over the December issue I noticed one of my old buddies Bernard "Loud" Wang has finally seen the light and has subscribed. Also notice some of the old 305th Service Group is being heard from. My training at APO 690 has finally borne fruit: On April

16th I was appointed Acting Postmaster here and am now awaiting Senate confirmation of my permanent appointment. Any CBI-er going through Los Banos is welcome to look me up.

ROCCO V. PERNETTI,  
Los Banos, Calif.

### 305th Service Group

● Let's hear from the 499th Air Service Squadron, 305th Air Service Group. Have been receiving Roundup for two years and enjoy it very much. Have all my copies and will loan them to friends, but will not part with them. They sure bring back memories of two years spent in the rice paddies. Would like to hear from my old friends.

JESSE M. BENTLEY,  
Pineville, W. Va.

### 23rd Crew Chief

● Certainly enjoyed the article on Pappy Herbst (Oct.) as I served under him, and also the splendid account of the 23rd Fighter Group in the December issue. Most of Major Herbst's kills were made in the oldest '51 in the squadron—a P-51B. I was a member of the 74th Fighter Squadron from June '44 until it was deactivated in Jan. '46. I was crew chief on the plane No. 46 "Struttin Tut," shown on page 12 of the Dec. issue. Lt. Charles Copenbarger and later Lt. Paul Crews were the pilots. Would like to hear from any member of the 74th.

CHARLES HUNTER,  
Box 208,  
Moundsville, W. Va.

### Misleading Offer?

● Roundup's subscription contest is a good idea, but the offer of \$500 or an all-expense-paid trip to the CBI Reunion in St. Louis is misleading. Some may think it would cost that amount to attend the reunion . . .

HAROLD KRETCHMAR,  
1955 Reunion Chairman,  
St. Louis, Mo.

*Altho we didn't go into the matter in detail, Roundup's idea is to bring the winner and wife to St. Louis via air or rail for a REAL vacation. Included would be deluxe accommodations, Reunion registration, sightseeing tours, side trips, night club tours, etc.—Ed.*

### Ramgarh's Pigeons

● Have often wondered if any of our buddies recall while at Camp Ramgarh we had several cages of carrier pigeons that the Signal Corps was going to use, but some unknown mishap kept them in quarters. Later our mess sergeants used them for another purpose.

J. J. KAZAR, M.D.,  
Tchula, Miss.

CHRISTMAS GIFT SUGGESTION  
for that CBI friend or relative: A  
subscription to Ex-CBI Roundup!



IN THEIR DAYROOM at an old Buddhist Temple in Tsuyung, men of the Advanced Echelon Y-Force Operations Staff entertain visiting actors and actresses of the Chinese Army Group. U.S. Army photo, Feb. 12, 1944.



# 25th Medical Depot

● Particularly enjoyed Boyd Sinclair's fine tribute to medical personnel operating in CBI in "Medics and Nurses" (Nov.). As a member of the 25th Medical Depot Co., many of the installations and personnel mentioned were familiar. By the operation of base depots at Ledo and Chabua, distribution points at Myit-kyina, Bhamo and Mogaung, as well as dental prosthetic and medical maintenance units, we serviced the Advance Section area and materially assisted many of the medical units mentioned in carrying out their mission. CBI may be the only theater where medical supplies were packed for and "free dropped" direct to combat units, often flown in by Air Evacuation ships also.

CHESTER RICKETTS,  
Ft. Wayne, Ind.

## FELIX A. RUSSELL

Patent Lawyer  
MEMBER OF  
General Stilwell Basha  
Record of Invention Forms  
FREE UPON REQUEST  
507 Colorado Building  
Washington, D.C.



LT. EDWARD BRAINARD instructs a group of Chinese officers in the use of one-man mortar firing. Photo June 9, 1944, at the Infantry Training Center, Kweilin, China.

## Elephant Story

● In looking through some back issues, I note on page 11 of the March 1954 issue a picture of three elephants. There is an interesting story attached to this. First, these elephants were part of the 38th Chinese Division. They had been liberated from the Japanese in Burma, who, in turn, liberated them from the Burmese. These elephants marched over the Burma Road in the vicinity of Bhamo to Pa-Tu, China. As Troop Movements Officer in the China Theatre, I

was regularly informed as to the progress of these animals by the Theatre Veterinary Officer. The Chinese were exhibiting these elephants in the various towns they passed through, for a price. That is all the emergency work performed by these animals. Col. Jack Fuller, the Theatre Veterinary Officer, used to call my attention almost daily to the fact that these three elephants were in fine physical condition but that the horses and mules who were part of the movement were not being properly fed due to the fact that the elephants had first priority. I would regularly inform Col. Fuller that the only way we could eliminate the elephants would be to send a company of U. S. infantry down the road and shoot the damned beasts, but that I was unwilling to precipitate a minor war between the U. S. Army and the Chinese 38th Division. These elephants, incidentally, managed to wreck the ferry to Pa-Tu and were instrumental in holding up the movement of the divisions of the First Army to Nanning at the time the Chinese were putting business before war.

MILTON SCHREIBER,  
Edgewater, N. J.



MISS BETTY LUCE, with three patients of the 100th Station Hospital at New Delhi, listens to records being played in the music room of the ARC hospital club. (Get a load of the art work on the wall!) U.S. Army photo.



# 7 AWARDS!

YOU MAY WIN  
ONE OF THESE!

## Enter Roundup's Subscription Contest

*You May Win...*

**1. \$500.00 CASH!**

**2. \$50.00 U.S. Savings Bond**

**3. \$50.00 U.S. Savings Bond**

**NEXT FOUR PRIZES — A \$25.00 U. S. SAVINGS BOND!**

A TOTAL OF seven prizes will be awarded to subscribers at the termination of Roundup's Subscription contest next June!

Last month we announced only the Grand Prize choice of \$500.00 cash, or an all-expense-paid trip for two to the 8th Annual CBI Reunion in St. Louis next August. Only a few readers have entered the contest thus far, which led us to believe many felt they did not have an equal chance to win since they were not in contact with too many CBI-ers.

Roundup realizes that the average subscriber is in touch with only a few of his former buddies, but a few new subscribers from each reader would double, triple . . . yes, **quadruple** our circulation.

That's why we have voluntarily added six more prizes in the contest. The awards will be presented to the seven subscribers who secure the greatest number of new subscribers to Ex-CBI Roundup by June 1st, in accordance with the Contest Rules.

All you have to do to win one of these prizes is sell more subscriptions than the next fellow. Send the subscriptions with remittance to us as you get them, so we can get the new subscriber on the lists. Mention your name as a contest entry. We'll do the rest, keeping tab until June 1st when the winners will be announced.

Don't be afraid to enter the contest. Even if you know of only a few CBI-ers who would like to subscribe, you may meet many more before June 1st. It may take only a small number to win one of the awards!

Start contacting your buddies and CBI friends today!

### CONTEST RULES

1. Contest is open to all paid subscribers to Ex-CBI Roundup.

2. Awards will be presented to the persons who secure the greatest number of new subscriptions between Nov. 1, 1954, and June 1, 1955. Prizes will be awarded to winners as follows: 1st Prize, \$500.00 cash; 2nd Prize, \$50.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 3rd Prize, \$50.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 4th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 5th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 6th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond; 7th Prize, \$25.00 U.S. Savings Bond. In case of tie for any one award, the cash value of prize will be divided equally among those competing for that award.

3. Subscriptions must be sold to bona fide CBI veterans or persons who served with the U.S. Forces in the CBI Theatre during World War II, who are not now or have not been subscribers during the six previous months.

4. Subscriptions must be forwarded to Ex-CBI Roundup with remittance to cover within five days after sale to new subscriber. Contestant's name and address should appear on same sheet with new subscriber's.

5. Final subscriptions must be forwarded and postmarked not later than midnight, June 1, 1955.

6. Winning contestants will be notified by wire or air mail on June 2, 1955, and subsequently announced in Ex-CBI Roundup.



Famous Colonel

Remember the news item in your local newspaper last month, about the Infantry colonel who was sucked from his seat in an airliner when the escape hatch accidentally flew open? His life was saved by the safety belt from which he hung outside the plane until other passengers helped him in. The story mentioned he had served in CBI, so we dropped him a line and hinted that since he is still alive he might want to subscribe to Roundup. Here is his reply:

● I am already a subscriber. In fact, I have the November issue here, it was forwarded to me yesterday. I have been a subscriber for three years. I served with the Y-Force in China, first at the IRTC located at Hostel 8, six kilos down the Burma Road, training Chinese officers, then on the western front with the 198th Division of the 54th Army. After the fall of Tengchung I was in Burma awhile, around Myitkyina, then back to China with the 88th Division of the 71st Army. Enjoy Roundup very much but do not see much about the ground forces, the foot



NATIVE WOMEN of the Burmese Lisu tribe use homemade instrument to clear the ground for the Stilwell Road. U.S. Army photo.

soldiers who served with the Chinese . . . After my little mishap, I was transferred here from the civilian hospital at South Bend. They have found no broken bones yet.

JAMES C. GREENWAY,  
U.S. Naval Hospital,  
Great Lakes, Ill.

27th Field Hospital

● Haven't heard anything about the 27th Field Hospital yet. Would like to hear from all of my buddies.

JOE C. BROWN,  
Cornelius, N. C.



BODIES OF members of the 124th Cavalry Regt., killed in action the night before, are rolled in a white drop-chute preparatory to burial. Photo near Mong Noi, Burma, Jan. 30, 1945, by U.S. Army.

1905th Reunion

● The 1905 Avn. Engineers had a wonderful reunion at Harrisburg, Pa. We had 62 fellows in attendance. Our next reunion will be in Kansas City, Kan., Aug. 12-14, 1955. It will be held at the new Town House Hotel. Anyone desiring information may contact me.

WM. WEEKS,  
4826 Booth,  
Kansas City, Kan.

97th Station Hospital

● I do enjoy reading each and every copy and looking through the remarks from those who write in, thinking that sooner or later some of the old gang might have some remark to make. I was with the 97th Station Hospital at Agra and 371st Station Hospital at Camp Kanchrapara.

WM. L. BISHOP,  
Denver, Colo.

73rd Evac. Hospital

● It's always a pleasure to renew my subscription. Enjoyed very much the article about the Medics (Nov.). Was with the 73rd Evacuation Hospital at Shingbwiyang and later with the 536th Med. Disp. at Yunnan, China.

EDWARD F. FARRELL,  
Norristown, Pa.



# Nite Before Christmas

1943

By Pfc. JACK CONDON

From the CBI Roundup

'Twas the night before Christmas  
And all through the camp,  
Not a creature was stirring,  
Not maiden nor vamp.  
'Twas the night before Christmas  
On the clothesline with care  
In view of the fact that  
They needed the air.

The GI's were nestled  
All snug in their beds,  
While visions of bamboo juice  
Danced in their heads;  
And those in their bashas  
And those in their tents  
All dreamed of the days that  
They had to pay rent.

Then all of a sudden  
There rose such a clatter,  
I sprang from my bed to find  
What was the matter;  
I came on a scene that my  
Heart fair did stop—  
I cried out in anguish,  
"I've blown my poor top!"

For what to my wondering  
Eyes now displays  
But a tiny red sled and  
Eight healthy young babes.  
St. Nick was the driver,  
So jolly and grand.  
I knew in a moment,  
'Twas that damned "Fighter Brand."

But what does it matter,  
Here's music and dames  
And Santa is calling them, soft  
By their names:  
"Now Mitzie, now Trixie,  
Now Scarlet, now Nana,  
Now Betty, now Hetty,  
Now Charlotte, now Lana,  
Make sure this poor Joe here  
Will always remember,  
The year forty-three in the  
Month of December."

With that they descended to  
Wholly surround me,  
A garden of loveliness  
Blooming around me.  
Then Nick from his sled drew  
A gigantic bag

And presents that fair made my  
Knees start to sag.  
A case full of whiskey; a  
Case full of brandy;  
A barrel of beer that will  
Sure come in handy.

A golden-brown turkey; a  
Porterhouse steak.  
And pies of the texture  
That Mom used to bake.  
And music was playing  
Of Strauss and Chopin,  
Fats Waller, Glenn Miller,  
And Bennie Goodman.

It woke the whole camp up  
And now, pleasure bent,  
They gathered and scattered  
About my gay tent.

I knew right away by  
The lights in their eyes that  
Here was a bevy of hungry GI's.  
But St. Nick had plenty,  
Enough for us all;  
And girls for the fat, for the  
Thin, short and tall.

We ate and we drank and  
We danced 'til the dawn—  
We knew in an hour St. Nick  
Would be gone.  
And then in the hope that  
They'd all soon return,  
We kissed each girl lightly,  
Politely, in turn.

"Nite Mitzie, 'nite Trixie,  
'Nite Scarlet, 'nite Nana,  
'Bye Betty, 'bye Hetty,  
'Bye Charlotte, 'bye Lana."  
But no cry we uttered, nor  
Any tears grieve—  
They said they'd be back again  
This New Year's Eve.

O! Doubt not my story—  
I swear it is true;  
If you were in India,  
You'd see things too.  
But now I'm exhausted  
For something to write—  
MERRY CHRISTMAS to all,  
And to all A Good Night.



# G.I. SPORTS

## ACROSS THE ORIENT

By BOYD SINCLAIR

THE G.I.'S OF CBI not only converted an Indian maharajah to baseball—they let him play first base! The sports-loving Maharajah of Patiala was not satisfied with just looking at the game. He insisted on getting on the team. After the game, his GI teammates declared his six-foot, four-inch, 210-pound frame was a perfect target for the other fielders.

Late in the summer of 1944, the maharajah invited two GI teams to visit his summer palace high in the foothills of the Himalayas so he could get his first view of the game. He turned over his cricket field to the GIs, who laid out a diamond and played a game for the potentate. When the score was tied at the end of the regulation game, the GIs naturally proceeded to quit, but the maharajah insisted that they play to a finish. Then he got himself into the game, playing first base while wearing a baseball cap that was too small. The huge, powerfully built ruler wanted to take a turn at bat, and he made the GIs take notice by smacking out several powerful drives. The maharajah, when the game was over, immediately set about plans to organize baseball in his state.

In contrast to this aspect of baseball, there was a story that Merrill's Marauders played some Pipeliners a game of baseball on a perimeter so small that third base was in Jap territory. The story said that the Japs coached the Pipeliners on third, as they were grateful to them for the gasoline that the Japs had been able to steal for their trucks, while the only thing they had been able to get out of the Marauders was some straight shooting.

Thus the GIs brought American sports to the Far East. They played everything from baseball to table tennis. Their basketball courts still stand amid the creeping vegetation of the Ledo Road. They swam in pools near the Taj Mahal, they played football in Rice Bowls, Tea Bowls, Finger Bowls and Toilet Bowls. They built Monsoon Square Garden in Calcutta, where as high as 26,000 spectators at one time saw boxing matches. They played golf on cow pastures and winced as Indian caddies spit betel nut juice while

they concentrated on putts. They planned rodeos, and one time had to call one off because of Indian riots, the Wild West thus yielding to the Wild East. They came away with second place in the Ski Club of India championships held in the snows of the Himalayas. They held track and field meets on the rice paddies of China. A GI jockey booted 'em home at the Delhi race course. They played their own games and learned others.

Boxing was probably the best attended sport in organized meets. More than 26,000 fans turned up at the Calcutta Race Tracks in April 1945 when a team of Negroes from the eastern terminus of the Ledo Road scored triumphs and acquired team honors in an all-Allied open boxing tournament. More than 100,000 fans attended during a week. The Indian Red Cross got the money, more than 35,500 rupees. GIs up and down the Ledo Road were able to listen to the blow-by-blow account coming over more than 1,100 miles of telephone wire. The Signal Corps had an unbroken 1,100-mile circuit for the Calcutta GI radio station. Other GI stations cut into the circuit in Northeast India and Burma.

Although there were various Punch Bowls and Bell Arenas scattered from



CARLOS PAGAN finishes first in the 400-meter dash at Chabua during a Track and Field Meet. U.S. Army photo.

Karachi to Kweilin, Calcutta was the real mecca of boxing, as well as other sports. Final bouts were held there in Monsoon Square Garden late in March 1946. Americans fought British, Indians, and all comers—and did not always win. For instance, three boxers of CBI fought their way to the finals of the Burt Institute



All-India Championships at Lahore and lost to two British men and an Indian. Probably the biggest sparkplug in fight promotion was M/Sgt. Jess Sincere, a double-talking, cigar-smoking character who, because of his interest and participation in dramatics, was known by some as "The Poor Man's Barrymore." His indefatigable energy built many an athletic show.

CBI had its share of big league baseball players. Probably the best known was Capt. Hank Greenberg with the Air Force. Greenberg, who entered the Army as a private on May 7, 1941, was discharged two days before Pearl Harbor, and then reenlisted less than a week later. Greenberg, tall and gentlemanly, impressed men with whom he served and came in contact as a modest character. He might sit around through the entire evening of a GI bull session and talk about foreign affairs and never mention baseball unless someone brought the subject up. No one would have known him for a famous major league player if he had waited until Greenberg brought up the subject.

Flight Officer Bill Atwood of the Phillies and the Giants, who left a big league backstopping job to fly with the Air Transport Command, served as a C-46 pilot instructor in India, showing student pilots how to fly on instruments, shoot landings, and learn emergency procedures for checking out as Hump pilots. After nine years with the Phillies and one with the Giants, Atwood checked out of baseball at the end of 1942 season to get in the Army. He came to CBI in December 1944 and completed 200 hours over The Hump when he was selected as a pilot instructor. Atwood, who started playing baseball at Hardin-Simmons University at Abilene, Texas, worked long hours in a co-pilot's seat in India, just as did many other ATC pilots.

Capt. John Kelly (Buddy) Lewis, former Washington Senators third baseman, was one of the original members of Col. Philip Cochran's First Air Commando Group. Lewis took part in the famous glider-tow invasion of Burma in the spring of 1944. He won the Distinguished Flying Cross with Oak Leaf Cluster after flying more than 600 operational hours as a C-47 pilot. Afterward Lewis flew constantly to outlying Commando-built clearings in the jungle.

Bill Burkhart, Air Force technical representative, who flew alongside Lewis to the advanced outposts, told how Lewis acted under fire.

"The tougher the going, the quieter Buddy became," he said. "I remember one day when we landed on a hastily



HENRY ARMSTRONG and Major Mark Conn, former Lightweight Champion, stage an exhibition match at Calcutta. U.S. Army photo, April 15, 1945.

constructed clearing called Aberdeen. The Japs had just given the field a severe bombing and strafing. Men were in their foxholes and Zeros were still visible. Buddy calmly set the ship down on the runway. You could still hear the drone of the Jap planes when Buddy finally spoke. 'Isn't anybody going to help me unload?' he asked. 'I want to get back to the base for supper.'"

Lewis' crew used to talk about the time he settled his C-47 upon Aberdeen's greasy dirt runway after all other aircraft had cracked up on it. Lewis, they said, just wanted to prove it could be done, despite the mud and monsoon. Lewis' plane was called *The Old Fox*, in honor of his Washington boss, Clark Griffith, the Senators' president.

Probably the biggest baseball story of CBI did not center around baseball itself, but around a sports writer. Technical Sgt. John Derr, longtime *Roundup* sports editor, flew from New Delhi to St. Louis in 1944, halfway around the earth, to cover the Cardinal-Browns world series for CBI's baseball fans. His was the longest trip ever made to cover a Series.

Baseball seemed to affect high and low, American and foreigner alike. Maj. Gen. Claire L. Chennault sometimes went to the mound to play with both officers and enlisted men. Even Col. Gordon Seagrave's Burmese nurses played softball.



**P**IGSKIN FILLED the air as well as horsehide. The first organized tackle football game ever seen in New Delhi was played on Christmas Day 1945, and crowds of up to 12,000 saw touch football games on Calcutta's famous Maidan along Chowringhee Road. Old China hands had their Rice Bowl each year. There were 10 football teams alone at the 14th Air Force headquarters base in Kunming. CBI was in position to get plenty of football coaching, with men around like Brig. Gen. Robert Neyland, former Tennessee mentor, and Col. Fred Thomsen, former Arkansas Razorback coach. Neyland at first was commander of SOS Base Section 2 in Calcutta. Thomsen was Special Service officer of the 14th Air Force. Neyland, a West Pointer, said football training helped him on his Army job. Another football expert was Col. Walter H. (Cappy) Wells, who was CBI psychological warfare officer. He was publicity man for athletics at West Point in the "Thirsty Thirties," as he termed it. He finally went to China for duty.

In the CBI basketball world, the Camp Howrah Mullets were tops in the spring of 1945, but in a second theater-wide tournament in December of that year, the title went to the Panagarh Ramblers. Most China hands were surprised to find that basketball is one of the national sports of China. They could hardly go anywhere in that ancient land without seeing a basketball court. In the big towns, in the little villages, in the isolated places along the roads, they would find courts. At one of the largest air bases in China the Chinese met all comers and all nationalities, French, English, and Americans, and polished off a tournament. All those who thought the Chinese too short to drop a basketball in the basket usually dropped the idea after seeing the



CPL. WEYMAN CRAWFORD gets the tap from Sgt. Jim Chapman. This game, held at Kunming on Sunday, April 8, 1945, was played for the All-China Basketball title. U.S. Army photo.

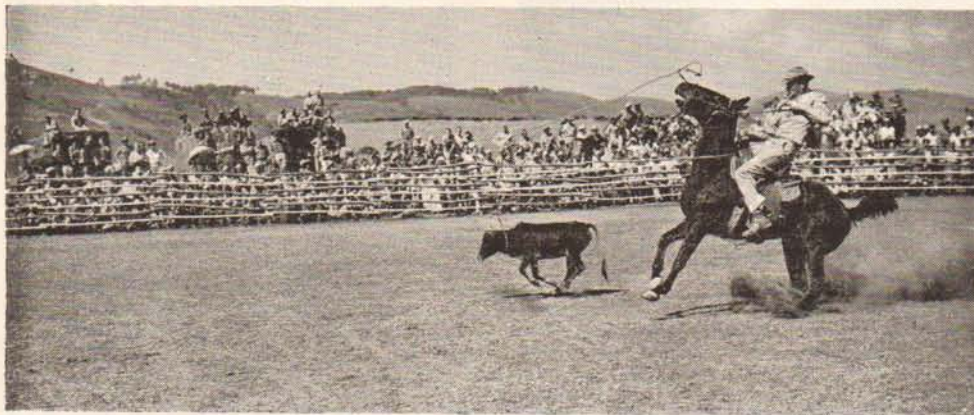
#### China boys play.

The experience of a lieutenant and his men in a little mountain town in China was typical of the way newly arrived Americans found out about Chinese cage ability. The officer and his men had traveled all day in a Ford truck on rugged roads. The lieutenant had settled down in the courtyard of the filthy Chinese inn to rest when one of the men came up. He had found a basketball court in the little town.

"Lieutenant," he said, "there's a bunch of little Chinese down the street who want to play us basketball. We can skunk 'em. Want to come along?"

The lieutenant decided to go along to witness the slaughter of the Chinese.

There was a skunking, all right; but the Yanks got it. Those "little Chinese" did all the scoring. The lieutenant and his men passed a lot of courts in 10 days of travel, but the boys did not try the Chinese again.



PFC. JOHN A. LEE, one of the contestants in the cowboy's calf-roping contest at the Assam Rodeo, shows his skill. This rodeo was held at the U.S. Army Forces Re-mount Depot, near Shillong. U.S. Army photo.



The Chinese also proved themselves good at volleyball. A detachment of Aviation Engineers found time on their hands at Warazup in the Mogaung Valley of Burma. Staff Sgt. Floyd M. Shafer rounded up his buddies and suggested a volley ball court for recreation. The men leveled an area, then made themselves a net from twine. The Engineers formed teams and practiced frequently. Soon they had attracted spectators from Chinese soldiers camped nearby. Winking slyly among themselves, the Americans thought it would be a dandy idea to teach their allies the old game of volley ball. The Chinese listened intently to the



SGT. FROSTY ALZOLA rides his wild bronc out of the chute at the Ramgarh Training Center rodeo. He won 1st prize in this event, held Oct. 29, 1944. U.S. Army photo.

rules through an interpreter and learned how to handle the ball and pass it around. Came the day when the first international match was to be played. The GIs wanted to be kind. They put in their scrubs. The scrubs had to do some tall playing to stave off defeat. More games followed. The better GI players had to be put in to hold the Chinese. In just a few days the best players were being beckoned to stem the tide. Shortly the entire first team was playing, but the Chinese were coming out on the long end of the score more often than they were on the short end. The games went on, but the second stringers did not get to play much anymore.

The closest thing to the Indian rope trick ever seen in India was the GI rodeos. The Indians who saw the manifestations of the Wild West are convinced now that there is more than one American rope trick. At least four big rodeos were held in India and Burma, one attracting close to 10,000 people. Cowboy GIs from Texas, Oklahoma, Arizona, and Colorado took off first prizes.

East met West at a big rodeo in Karachi in December 1944, when GIs put on a camel relay race. Each contestant had two camels and was required to make two laps around the arena, one on each camel. The winning camel jockey was Pvt. James Chewning. The mechanical

age also entered the rodeo scheme of things at Karachi when Master Sgt. Bill Roer of Phoenix, Arizona, bulldogged a steer from the front seat of a speeding jeep. Roer tackled and downed the steer while the jeep was traveling 25 miles per hour. The all-around champion cowboy at Karachi was Roer, with Sgt. Bob Fraser of Lufkin, Texas, coming up for second place.

An Oriental flavor was also brought into a rodeo at Bhamo, Burma, when a hard-riding monkey stayed with a frisky tonga pony, the work of Pvt. First Class Clyde Neely of Pinedale, Wyoming.

An Occidental Wild West celebration was stopped by an even wilder East at Alipore near Calcutta in February, 1946, when a rodeo had to be called off because of rioting Indians. When a try was made at a second performance, the show was performed without trouble. Spectators numbering more than 5,000 saw a veteran Madison Square Garden rodeo contestant in the Alipore show, Tex McConnell of Lublin, Texas, a member of the 497th Port Battalion at Calcutta. McConnell won the wild cow milking contest.

CBI-landers went in for swimming in a big way, whether it was in a dirty river in Burma or the Victoria Memorial Swimming Pool in Calcutta. Through the Victoria pool 1,000,000 gallons of water flowed every 24 hours. This pool, a former lily pond, was built for the American Army by the British as part of the reverse lend-lease program. More than 100,000 GIs passed through its gates in eight months, the length of time the Americans used it. As many as 6,000 fans saw swimming meets at the pool. Capt. Fred Worthen, former national AAU titleholder, and Lt. Fred Feuchtenberger, Southern AAU diving champion, carried off top honors at the biggest meet held at the pool, the Calcutta Regional Swimming and Diving Meet. India-Burma swimming championships were decided at a meet at Agra, home of the Taj Mahal, in the spring of 1945.



PFC. CLYDE NEELY practices at Myitkyina for a rodeo to be held at Shillong in 1945. U.S. Army photo.





EUGENE PETTERSON, Chinese Combat Command pitcher, brings in the third run for the CCC after a right field error which gave him a home run. U.S. Army photo at Kunming, May 13, 1945.

IN THE WORLD of tennis, Sgt. Hal Wagner took theater laurels from among 212 competitors in Calcutta finals. The table tennis champion of CBI was Cpl. Herbert Aronson of Chicago. At Monsoon Square Garden in August, 1945, he retained his singles championship and teamed with Rex Lantz of Athens, Ohio, to annex the doubles championship as well. Aronson was with a pipeline outfit at first, as he certainly did not go to India to play ping-pong; but he was drafted for the job. Soon after hitting the theater, he broke his leg, and when he was hospitalized, he entertained other patients with trick shot exhibitions. The nurses told Maj. Melvyn Douglas about the wizard, and the Special Service officer arranged for Aronson to do his stuff for GIs over the theater. He made a three-months tour. During that time he conducted tournaments at bases on a two-night basis at each. Entries were listed and Aronson conducted eliminations up to the semi-finals the first night, running off the last two rounds and engaging the winner in an exhibition the second evening. The champion twice won the Illinois state championship and after becoming a GI, added the California state crown to his laurels. He would play anybody without using his hand, clinching the paddle in his mouth.

Two former world champion table tennis players were soldiers in CBI. They were First Sgt. Tibor Hoffman of the Pipeliners and Sgt. Lazlo Bellak of the Air Force, both natives of Hungary. They toured the theater doing exhibition matches for ping-pong fans. Hoffman, whose

home was Washington, D.C., was topkick of the 40th Special Service Company for 17 months after he left the Pipeliners. Hoffman became an American citizen in an unorthodox way. In 1939 he was asked to play a special exhibition for a joint session of Congress. The lawmakers were so impressed that they passed a special law making him a citizen after only six months residence in the U.S.

Miss Ruth Hughes Aarons, considered the world's best among the ladies at ping-pong, toured CBI to bounce the balls around for the GIs. She had 11 national and three world titles.

"She does everything with a ping-pong ball but hatch it," said one GI spectator, "and the reason she can't do that is because she can't sit still long enough."

Pvt. First Class Johnny Goodman, former national open champ, won the theatre golf title from among 230 participants

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at Calcutta. Cpl. Alton Age, Burma Ordnance GI of Louisville, Kentucky, was known as the Byron Nelson of Assam. One of the best golfers in the theater, he captured the Stilwell Road golf championship from a field of 86 at the Digboi Country Club. There was not much in the way of organized golf tournaments in CBI, although a lot of Americans played the game whenever they could find courses. On some of the jungle-like courses, Stanley would never have found Livingston along the borders of the fairways, let alone the golf ball.

One of the things the CBI golfer had to get used to was the ball boy. It was the practice of these betel nut-chewing characters to put the balls in their own pockets when they did find them, selling them later to another golfer. An American usually began by hiring two ball boys, and when the game was over, at least a dozen would demand pay as the ones hired. The Indian caddy generally hinted broadly that the American golfer was a rajah sahib who should reward him generously for such dubious services as handing him the wrong club or expectorating betel nut juice all over the green.

Americans liked to attend Indian horse races, and large numbers showed up at the Calcutta and New Delhi courses. The only American GI jockey on record was soft-spoken, self-effacing, 103-pound Jimmy Baird, Quartermaster Remount corporal, who originally came to CBI with India-bound Army mules. Baird, 25-year-old native of Oacoma, South Dakota, rode his own one-horse stable as well as don-

ning the silks for four American officers stationed at New Delhi. Baird, after toying around with the idea for awhile, bought a mare and applied for a license. He began riding her on the Delhi race course on Saturday afternoons in 1944, and in five starts piloted her for two wins, a place, and two fourths. Baird first owned only half interest in the mare, named Peggy. The GI jockey was the delight of Americans who attended the races. GIs and officers started asking him for tips as soon as entries were announced.

"No one, not even a jockey, knows for certain what will happen in a horse race," was his answer to them.

Baird went into racing, he said, because the excitement appealed to him.

"Also," he confessed candidly, "the opportunity of adding to the \$79 I collect each month from the Finance officer was a motive."

Baird's best recorded day at the track was one in which he did not saddle a mount. Free to wager, he gave the bookies a beating, pocketing Rupees 1,800 in winnings to their considerable discomfiture.

In the field of winter sports, two Americans, spending their leave in the hills of Kashmir in 1944, entered one of India's biggest sports events just for the fun of the thing, and came out in second place. The event was the annual Ski Club of India championships. Capt. Julian A. Sobin of Boston, who had been a member of the ski club at Harvard, and Capt. E. W. Lowns of Presque Isle, Maine, an original



TUG O'WAR between enlisted men of Tadun and Southern Command Headquarters of the Chinese Combat Command was one of the events of Field Day, held July 4, 1945, at the Southern Command, Kaiyuen, China. U.S. Army photo.



member of the American Volunteer Group, were resting at Gulmarg, Kashmir, when they heard of the ski tourney conducted 50 miles from the third highest peak in the world.

Track and field events drew a lot of competition both in China and India, there being as many as 1,000 entries in some of the meets. Some flashy American stars showed up among the thinly-clads, among them Lt. Park M. Meyer, who was among All-American selectees at the University of Texas in 1939. Cpl. Fred Fish, former University of Iowa dash man, and Lt. Earl Meadows, half of the famous Southern California pole vault combination of Sefton and Meadows, were the others. American track men competed with British, Indian and Chinese men of the cinder path.

**A** LEGENDARY figure in American sports showed up in CBI in the summer of 1945, "Indian Jim" Thorpe, often described as the greatest athlete of all time. Thorpe, who was then 57 years old, did not appear with a lot of fanfare, and he was on no USO tour. Instead, the superman of the 1912 Olympic games in Stockholm quietly arrived in Calcutta as a member of the U.S. Merchant Marine. When he was discovered, he was at work on the docks. When friends urged Thorpe to appear for GIs in Calcutta, he obliged. He attended the opening night of a volley ball tourney, made a radio appearance and toured hospitals, where sports-minded members of a new generation, who knew him only through record books, talked with him. Those who had come to regard the early-century hero of sports as a legend were astonished to find him taking an active part in the war as a Merchant Mariner.

Monsoon Square Garden at 3B Outram Street in Calcutta was the center of CBI sports. Hundreds of thousands of GIs and people of all races packed it during its existence. When the Americans folded their tents and slipped away, B. N. Sarkar, who was superintendent of the Garden was determined to keep the name which the Americans gave it.

"I'd like to think," he said, "that all the Americans who have enjoyed themselves here will know that there always will be a Monsoon Square Garden in Calcutta."

In the 20 or more months of its existence, the one-time grassy lot was the scene of almost every type of sports and entertainment — basketball, volleyball, tennis, boxing and wrestling, as well as dancing, variety shows, and concerts. Lily Pons packed the place to the rafters. The

Garden was originally a skating rink, built in 1938. It never had a roof until CBI forces took the place over in 1944. A Butler hangar of the same type as used to house planes along India-Burma air-strips was erected and a large stage was built at the same time. Civilian superintendent Sarkar supervised the work of more than 60 Indian coolies, who shifted scenes and seats. It took these workers six hours to transform the large hall from a basketball arena to a theater.

The promotional wizard of CBI sports was Lt. Col. John T. Trutter, known as the "Tex Rickard of Calcutta." The Springfield, Illinois, officer was director of Personnel Services for Base Section 2 for 14 months. During that time he made Calcutta the sports center of CBI. Like Master Sgt. Jess Sincere, his interest ranged from the roughest sports to the theater, and both effectively helped to guide the whole field of recreation. When Trutter left for the U.S. in the early part of 1946, Maj. George Wild of the Armed Forces Institute took over.

The value of sports was recognized by the Medical Corps, and physical reconditioning through active sports was a part of the therapy program of hospitals. Con-

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valescing patients often designed and built necessary areas and equipment. Maj. Richard W. Britt directed this physical reconditioning in the theater for a long time. One of the sights that could be seen was a man who had lost a leg sitting in a chair as a catcher in a softball game.

Cricket, which Indian kids played on every other vacant lot in the cities, was as much a mystery to Americans as baseball was to the British. Even as well-known a sports authority as Col. Walter L. Stewart, sports editor of *The Memphis Commercial-Appeal* in civilian life, admitted it was all Greek to him. After seeing a game in New Delhi, Stewart commented: "Leg break popping crease-leg glides. Gardening taps. Googly bowling. Silly mid-on. Gertrude Stein and James Joyce could hardly have collaborated with greater effect."

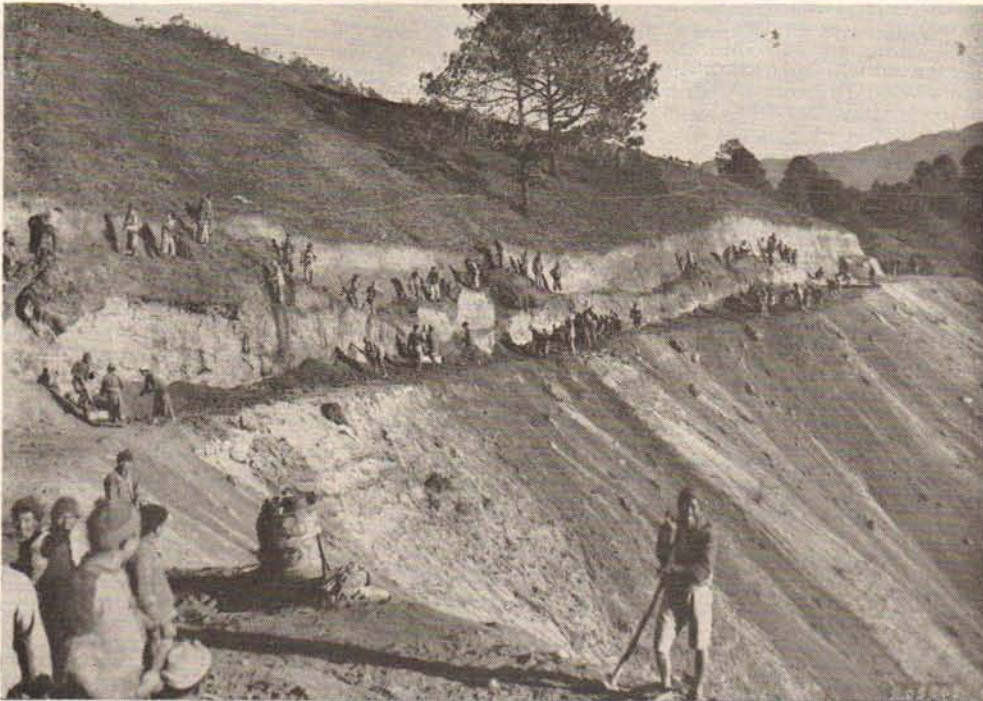
British confusion at wholly American games was just as great. An idea can be gleaned from this paragraph written by a British officer after witnessing the first tackle football game played in New Delhi:

"The Redbacks settled themselves down in what appeared to be a premeditated and formidable defense layout. And the Greenbacks went into an extraordinary



THESE MONSTER fish were caught in the Indaw Gye Chung near Kamaing, Burma, by Capt. K. S. Laney, 22nd Division Liaison Officer, and S/Sgt. E. E. Stephens. U.S. Army photo.

huddle. I thought maybe I had missed some play already and wondered if some chap had lost his pants."—THE END.



CHINESE COOLIES use homemade instruments to clear the ground for the new Burma Road. Photo on China side, Dec. 28, 1944, by U.S. Army.



# 'Rhona' Sinking Witness

● Have been reading about the "Rhona Incident" with much interest. Every account seems to vary greatly with each other. I too was there on the H.M.T. *Banfora*. I was an NCO on the gun crew and was on deck thru-out the entire attack. I saw the Rhona get hit and all that happened afterward. To my knowledge, this is a fairly accurate account: General quarters sounded at 2 p.m. on Nov. 26, 1943. The weather was clear and the sea slightly choppy. The Germans were coming at us with four-motor bombers loaded with glider bombs, which were the forerunner of the V-2 bomb. We had been under attack for about 45 minutes when a rather heavy barrage of glider bombs were loosed at our convoy. Our gunners had knocked down several bombs when I happened to see a bomb traveling parallel to our ship on the starboard side. Then it made a sweeping turn to the right and came in low at the Rhona which was riding on our starboard bow. I yelled to one of my buddies and we put the glasses on the ship. At first there was not much of a sign to show how bad it was. Then there was a muffled explosion and the smoke started to pour from everywhere. Then the Rhona fell from position and turned broadside in the con-



MAJOR ART McINTYRE, with plenty of assistance, receives Comedian Joe E. Brown at Yangkai, China, under the wing of a C-47. By coincidence, Major McIntyre had been an old friend of Joe's from his hometown, Toledo. U.S. Army photo.

voy. Men were scrambling down ropes, jumping from the rail, some tried to lower a lifeboat but the fall lines burned and it fell from the side of the ship, spilling its occupants into the water. Confusion reigned high, no organization to the abandonment. Men were bobbing in the water like corks, the cries of the wounded and dying was horrifying. By this time we had gained on the stricken ship and passed the bow and could see that the whole starboard side was ripped open from stem to stern. Above the water line flames were leaping high and through them we could see the men trapped below decks. The screams

were a sound that all who witnessed it will never forget. Only God knows the helpless feeling that gripped us. According to official reports the Rhona sunk in one half hour, but it was still burning brightly out on the horizon as the sun was dropping low in the sky. As far as we knew it was still afloat at that time. The all-clear did not sound until dark. Outside of several near misses and some minor damage to our ship we came through unharmed. Special church services were held by the ship's chaplain. Later on we were informed by ship's P.A. system that the R.A.F. had intercepted the majority of the enemy aircraft who had attacked the convoy, and a collection was taken for the dependents of the R.A.F. pilots who were shot down.

JOHN L. HARDING,  
Los Angeles, Calif.

**A NEW FEATURE!** In next issue Roundup will present a full-page "Newsletter of the 44th Air Service Group." These newsletters, which we hope in time will cover all CBI outfits, will contain a brief note about the current status of every known person in that outfit. Members of the 44th are urged to drop us a line, tell us BRIEFLY about yourself and any others from the 44th you know about. In the following issue we'll feature the 475th Infantry. All units of the 475th are urged to send needed information now for this feature.

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# BOOK REVIEWS



*JOURNEY WITH LOSHAY.* By George N. Patterson. W. W. Norton and Company, New York, 1954. 248 pages. \$3.75.

This is the story of a Scottish medical missionary who took a trip on horseback from the back door of the world—the Tibetan-Chinese border—in the dead of winter across 20,000-foot passes along a wild and virtually unknown Himalayan track to Dibrugarh. The author was the medical missionary. The Loshay with whom he took his journey was his Tibetan servant, who eventually gazed in awe at the bright lights of Calcutta.

Mr. Paterson had lived for a number of years in the Khamba region of eastern Tibet. In 1950, the Communist advance into Tibet threatened his supplies, and a foray into India on horseback was necessary to replenish them. The Khambas admire a good horseman, and when Mr. Patterson managed to beat the best of them at racing, the Khambas believed he succeeded because he whispered a Christian prayer into the ear of his horse.

When he decides to go to India, he is armed with the authority of the government, able to commandeer horses, yaks, food, shelter, and even people as porters, in the villages along the way, provided he does not miss the way and can find them. Messengers go before him, advising the headmen to prepare for his coming and to send other messengers ahead.

When some of the headmen become dilatory, a beating from the soldiers who accompany the author restores service. Loshay manages to help with great cracks from his fist when it becomes necessary. Here is one account of what resulted from careless preparations:

"Looking over the shoulders of the Tibetans into the room beyond," the author writes, "I could see the owner of the house on his knees upon the floor, held there by hefty Dawa Dondrup while Aku whipped him with his horsewhip. The soldiers then took the landlord and, disregarding the pleas of the other Tibetans, tied him to one of the beams of his own house. I pushed my way through to ask what was wrong, although I knew the answer before it was village and also rated as quite an offi-

given. The man was headman of the cial of the surrounding area. He had received the notification of our arrival but had made only a few careless preparations. In fact, he had gone so far as to place an insultingly low seat for the official who was arriving and high seats for the servants. This was criminal negligence in a headman and had to be punished accordingly. He would be tied to one of the horses and taken to his district official to be adequately punished."

If you think you had it rough when you crossed the Salween, read this man's account of how he crossed the stream. He didn't have any picnic when he crossed the upper reaches of the Yangtze, either. And he was supposed to be traveling in luxury, or, at least, first class.

Mr. Patterson effectively describes the hardships of the trail, brings to life the customs of the people, and now and then captures the remoteness and isolation of that high land, with its rugged savagery and mountains like "giant waves of milk." He met a high Tibetan official, Dege Sey, who, although he had met only five foreigners in his life, could speak English effectively. Two of those five foreigners were Lieutenant Colonel Llia Tolstoy and Captain Brooke Dolan II, whom General Stilwell sent across Tibet to China during the war.

*Journey With Loshay* is quite a trip, wherein the author forgets about baths for two months as happily as his companions had for their whole lives.

*TYPHOON IN TOKYO.* By Harry Emerson Wildes. The Macmillan Company, New York 1954. 356 pages. \$4.50.

This is an eye-opening account of the greatest civilian overseas commitment ever undertaken by Americans—the occupation of Japan.

In September 1945, Japan lay helpless, a nation defeated, hopeless, bankrupt. With cities devastated, industries shattered, a population facing starvation, the task before the occupation authorities was an almost insurmountable one.

There was no precedent, either for Colonel Ilia Tolstoy and Captain Brooke tion quickly instituted revolutionary social, economic, and political reforms affecting every stratum of Japanese society and every individual from the lowest to the highest.

It was a gigantic, hastily improvised social experiment, with an empire and seventy-four million people as its laboratory. How was it done? What were the results? Wherein did it succeed or fail?



To these questions, the author, who saw it operate, offers candid answers.

Here is a view of the occupation in all its moods, its origins, its personnel, its philosophy, its methods, and its aftermath.

Through all the inevitable misunderstanding, distrust, and confusion there emerged a new Japan. In this book, the author presents a frank appraisal of that accomplishment which makes startling as well as enlightening reading.

Harry Emerson Wildes has been a student and analyst of Jap development for thirty years. During the war, he was a regional specialist on Japan in the Office of War Information. After the Jap surrender, he was appointed to the government section of the occupation and served in Tokyo until signing of the final experience with the occupation peace treaty in 1951.

*Typhoon in Tokyo* is based upon personal and long familiarity with the Japanese people and their way of life.

*A SINGLE PILGRIM.* By Norman Lewis. Rinehart and Company, New York, 1954. 247 pages. \$3.

Norman Lewis, one of the most expert craftsmen of novel writing today, has combined his many talents in this superb story of contemporary Siam. His setting is the ancient Laotian city of Luang Nakon, with its incredible flowers and temples, its wonderfully beautiful women, and the sad dignity of its pariah dogs.

The central character, John Crane, has for many years been branch manager of a timber concession and finds himself in the heart-breaking position of presiding over the breakup of the way of life that he loves. His personal anguish is the sensitive white man's anguish everywhere in Asia today—an Asia which seems bent on grasping at the worst of Western civilization, where friend turns into foe overnight, where the best of life crumbles all around.

In this story, events begin to move with almost incongruous swiftness in a sweet, slow land. Spies, ambushes, murder, and warfare become the rule. But despite the tragic violence of its theme, *A Single Pilgrim* is a strangely satisfying book because of Mr. Lewis's brilliant style and the almost painful reality of his characters.

The story is in turn uproariously funny, sad, bitter, and tender. It is a work of art.

*THE CITY AND THE WAVE.* By Jon Godden. Rinehart and Company, New York, 1954. 245 pages. \$3.

Miss Godden, born in Bengal, lives in Calcutta. Her parents had lived in India thirty years before her. She is a sister of Rumer Godden, who also has written such stories about India as *Black Narcissus* and *The River*.

The scene of *The City and the Wave* is vast, teeming Calcutta, the great Bay of Bengal which thousands of sweating, stinking city inland from the CBI-wallahs know well. It is a story about the realities of life there.

The central character is a lonely, sensitive Anglo-Indian, Leonard Chase. Len is suffering from an accumulation of the frustrations of India, which, unhappily, seem to have spread largely to the remainder of the world.

He is insecure because of his racial inheritance, overwhelmed with a feeling of insignificance, and angry at a world which seems to have ignored the capabilities he has.

When pretty Marie follows Len home one rainy evening, he takes her in merely to befriend her. But the relationship goes beyond friendship, and Marie performs the greatest human rescue in the end.

The hot, wet, moldy life of Calcutta in the summer is effectively and realistically presented.

*DAY OF THE FALSE DRAGON.* By Alice Margaret Huggins. Decorations by Jeanyee Wong. The Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1953. 160 pages. \$2.50.

This is a quietly told story of life in China under the Communist regime. Details of the new Chinese life and education which it presents have an impact not easily forgotten.

Miss Huggins, an American missionary, lived three years under the Red government, four months of them under house arrest. During this time she decided to make into fiction some of the events going on around her. She smuggled the story out of China a little at a time.

Her story concerns Ling Ping, a young girl just graduated from college in Peking, who arrives to teach science at a school for girls in North China. She finds a good friend and later a romantic interest in Lu Min, a young Christian, also a science teacher.

After a series of tense and exciting incidents, the two young people finally get away to Peking.





## Chota Peg and Small Talk

By  
Syed Mohammed  
Abdullah

### Recipe of the Month

#### LAMB CURRY — An Easy Version

- 1 lb. stewing lamb (cut in 1" pieces)
- 2 tbsps. curry powder
- 2 medium onions
- 3 cloves garlic
- 2 tbsps. Worcestershire
- 6 cloves
- 1 can tomato sauce
- 1 cup boiling water
- 1 boullion cube
- 2 bay leaves (S&P to taste)
- ½ tsp. coriander seed

Slice onions, brown together with garlic in two tbsps. of butter. When brown add curry powder mix with onions for a few seconds only, add meat, stir for few minutes, cover, lower flame, allow to cook for 15 minutes, then, add tomato sauce and other spices, add boiling water, never use cold water. Cover and allow to cook for half hour, or until meat is tender and spices are cooked, if necessary, add a small amount of boiling water, or if too thin add flour for thickening.

Long before the little men started appearing in flying saucers, India had her share of oddities. However, these oddities were taken seriously and made into gods. Take for example:

*Hanuman*, the monkey god: He had the face of a monkey and the body of a man. Or look at *Ganapaty*, with the face of an elephant and the body of a human.

Undoubtedly you all know something of Hindu Mythology, so let's review. The Triad consists of 1. *Brahma*, the creator and master over life and death. 2. *Vishnu* and 3. *Siva*, who represents justice, time, sun, water, destruction and creation; he is represented with 5 heads, 3 to 5 eyes, 2 to 10 hands, and wears a necklace of skulls and serpents.

If anything else can be called unusual in this situation, it is that Vishnu has become the prime god of many Hindus, his followers are called *Vishnuites*, and are a powerful force in India. So let's take

a look at Vishnu for a while. For one thing he has over a thousand names, Juggernaut being one of them. The headquarters of this particular chap is at Puri, in Orissa, where he, his brother and their sister reign supreme. The car in which the three statues are placed for the festival is an impressive piece of workmanship. It stands 43½ ft. high, has 16 wheels, each one 16½ ft. in diameter. It is drawn through the streets by thousands of Vishnuites. Until the British put a stop to the practice, every year hundreds of fanatical followers would throw themselves under the wheels of the car and be crushed to death!

Many of you ex-CBI'ers remember the name *Rama*. Well, Rama is the seventh incarnation of Vishnu. The name was given to a person appearing as three incarnations of Vishnu, they were all warriors of unsurpassed beauty. Rama crossed over Adam's bridge with the help of Hanuman, the monkey god, to rescue his wife Sita from Rawana, the king of Ceylon (Lanka).

One of the reasons for Vishnu's popularity is the fact that there are ten *Avatars* among his incarnations, nine of which have appeared in various forms: (Avatar is an incarnation of a deity to save the world.) The nine forms are: 1, *Matsya*, as a fish; 2, *Kachpaya*, as a tortoise; 3, *Vamana*, as a dwarf; *Parasurama*, as the son of *Jamadagni*; 7, as the four sons of King *Dasaratha*; 8, as *Krishna*; 9, as *Buddha*; and the tenth is yet to come. Is there any wonder the Hindus are vegetarians?

Some of the other deities are: *Kali*, for whom Calcutta was named (she's the patroness of destruction), and many of you visited her temple at Kali-ghat. *Kama* is the god of love; he carries a bow of sugar cane and five arrows made of flowers, to overcome the senses. Another great gal is *Devi* or *Mahadevi*, the wife of *Siva* (also known as *Kali*). She is supposed to have two personalities, one gentle, and the other fierce (just as a normal woman). However, she's most widely worshipped for her disagreeable personality.

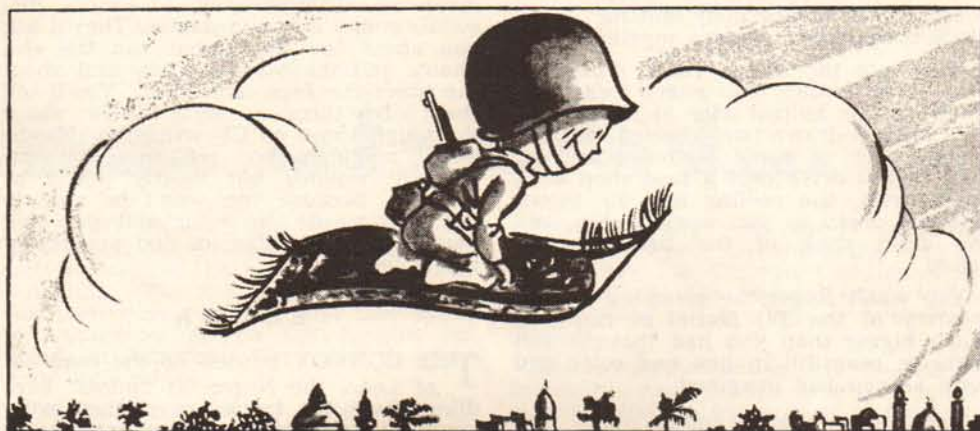
As many of you know, I am publishing an Indian cook book. It is not just a book on cooking. It will contain notes and observations on India (similar to this column). It will retail for \$1.75, but to ex-CBI'ers the price will be \$1.25 postpaid, and autographed by me personally. Since the first printing is limited, those who wish to have a copy should get their reservations in within the next thirty days. You may write me personally at 610½ First Avenue North, Seattle 9, Washington.



# Yank's Magic Carpet"

Back in 1945, when the war had ended, the staff of the China - Burma - India edition of YANK prepared a little booklet entitled "Yank's Magic Carpet." This masterpiece of memories went on sale throughout the Theater and sold many tens of thousands of copies.

Roundup made a few inquiries and learned that very few CBI-ers still have their copies. One man did. Col. Boyd B. Hill of So. Charleston, W. Va. He loaned his copy to us for the purpose of reproducing it in our magazine. We hope it will bring back some memories to you as it did to us.



## I N D I A

**H**OW WELL you remember that first sight of India as your ship glided into Bombay harbor — or Karachi or Calcutta — and the heat and sights and smells of the country wrapped themselves around you like a new skin, a skin you knew you would not shed for many many months, or years.

But you were anxious to get ashore. You'd had enough of that loose queazy feeling in your stomach, the jam-packed living conditions and the shipboard food. The stopovers at the Atlantic or Pacific ports had been fun. But now you wanted solid land under you for awhile, and a permanent station so you could stop living out of a barracks bag.

Maybe when you began your magic carpetbagging through India to your new station you got the feeling that this ancient country was very much like the United States in geography and climate — only more so.

Like your homeland, India was a vast and varied country of mountains and deserts, of swamplands and fertile plains, of great rivers and of big and little cities. But the fiery deserts of Sind and Baluchistan were hotter, bigger, drier and more higher and colder and more jagged than the Rockies, and a lot more danger-

ous to fly over. The blast oven heat of Assam, or Agra, or Karachi, was more relentless than Arizona or Louisiana in July. No New Jersey mosquito ever had the wingspread or firepower of a Ledo anopheles.

You might also have stopped to think that just as the United States is a melting pot of the Western races, so is India a compound of Oriental races. What a mixture of races, costumes, customs, cultures and religions! The Hindus of many castes, wearing their comfortable cheesecloth dhotis, gentle believers in humility, non-violence and a complicated 24-hour-a-day religion. The Moslems, believers in one God, Allah, eager to convert the infidel, wearing dhotis and also fezzes or turbans. The Sikhs, bewhiskered and beturbaned giants, big city policemen, drivers of taxis. The Parsees, shopkeepers and businessmen, dressed in neat white house coats. The Gurkhas, stocky bronzed toughs carrying scimitar-like kukri knives, feared by the Germans and the Japanese as the fiercest soldiers in the Allied armies. The uncounted millions of India's "untouchables," living a semi-starved existence in shack towns outside the cities, begging pitifully for baksheesh as your train makes a stop at a small watering station.

You might also have been suddenly struck with the eerie feeling that this,



the ancient East, was Bible country. The deserts, the mud villages, the wooden two-wheeled carts drawn by camels and bullocks, the babel of many languages, the barbaric dress of men and women of many races — these primitive ways were thousands of years old. This must have been the way things were when Christ walked the earth. On many a village street, squatting or standing or working at their trades, you saw men with delicate religious features, a coarse black beard, a lean ascetic body and the strong black eyes of the religious mystic.

What are the things you'll remember best about India? You won't forget the smells — the animal odor of fresh hides on a bullock-drawn two-wheeled cart, the musky odor of curry wafted into your jeep as you drive past a food shop on a back street, the cooling salt air blown into the docks as you work a ship, and the acrid stink of the bad-mannered camel.

You won't forget the gleaming marble mystery of the Taj Mahal at Agra, so much bigger than you had thought and quite as beautiful in line and color and form as you had imagined.

You'll remember the Indian coolie, that brown scrawny man about the size of an underfed American boy; how he pulled you in a rickshaw for miles at an unbroken trot; how he and six others carried a grand piano on their heads down a city street, pulling a great weight of rice bags from the docks to the godown.

And you'll remember some beautiful Indian women — the tall Sikh girls in their loose white pajama pants, the doe-like Hindus in their warm-colored wrap-around saris which reminded you of Western negligees; Moslem beauties decked out in gilt, silver and silk for a religious festival; and perhaps the round gentle face of a Burmese refugee working as secretary in a headquarters office.

It will be a long time before you forget Assam — the mosquitos, the dhobi itch, the swamps, the damned wet heat, the snakes, the elephants, the insect-ridden bamboo bashas, building the roads, towing the Cochran gliders into Burma, making the food drops, and the time sky turned into a waterfall during the monsoon rains and your camp area was a mud lake for a week.

You'll remember the trains and the noisy colorful chaos of the railroad stations. You'll remember that jostling ride in a Delhi gharry in the moonlight, the horse clopping lazily along the clean paved street, the gharry wallah singing to himself a mournful Indian melody in a minor key. You'll remember betel nut juice,

and pan, and Pattycake Annie and her dung pies. You'll remember very well the time you flew up the Brahmaputra and the monsoon weather bounced your transport around like a paper kite and just after your plane's wheels hit the wet steel landing mats at Chabua the ceiling closed in solid with clouds and mist and rain.

What will you tell them back home about your service in India? You'll have memories of hard work, loneliness, discomforts and a few pleasures. They'll ask you about the Taj Mahal and the elephants and the burning ghats and about the times the Japs came over. You'll tell them a few things — about the Taj, about the tough times on Chowringhee. Maybe you'll make modest reference to your charpoy wounds but mostly you'll be quiet — because you won't be able to put into words the color and size and variety and magnificence and poverty of magic India.

## BURMA

THE CONVOY burned up the road out of Ledo, the Negro GI "pilots" handling their big trucks as if they were jeeps, expertly turning time into miles.

On the hill the trucks stopped for a minute. The driver said this was Pangsau Pass and that ahead, just beyond the pass, was Burma. So you climbed a rock in India and looked east at the long green Burma way to the backdoor of Tokyo. The view was beautiful, there was no denying that. The rolling hills covered with green matted jungle stretched out to the low orange clouds on the horizon, the green graduating into blue in the far distance, and from the valleys rose thin curtains of steam, giving the whole landscape a misty primitive poetic look as it baked in the yellow sun.

Later, when you really got into Burma, you saw the other side of the coin too. You saw the hill country, the malarious and tangled mountains which were so "impassable" that nobody ever got around to building a road through them until you and your gang came along and built it out of sweat and blood and military necessity.

The people you met were not the Burmese, who lived mostly in the flatlands of central and southern Burma. You met white men, brown men, yellow men and black men who had come from far countries — the British, the Indians, the Chinese and the West Africans. But of the native inhabitants of Burma you met only the mongoloid hill people — the Nagas and the Kachins.





The little brown Nagas, you were told, were headhunters. They were not very sociable and for the most part stayed in their hills. But the only foreign heads they took were Japanese, and they could be trusted to search the jungles for bailed-out American fliers and to bring them back safely.

The Kachins were not quite as brown as the Nagas, were taller, and took more easily to hanging around American troops and to picking up words of English, as well as American cigarettes. They were insect worshippers, and each Kachin village had its shrine for the crawling and flying things of earth; often it was a bamboo pole on top of which was a little receptacle holding food for the gnats, or a low table-like affair holding food for ants. The Japanese soldiers had orders to shoot Kachins on sight, for they acted as junglewise guides for Allied troops, and, armed by the Americans and British with tommy guns and grenades, they infiltrated into enemy territory and had become experts at ambush.

You learned about leeches in Burma, and how to make these blood-sucking pests drop off your skin by nudging them with a lighted cigarette. You learned about mosquitos and ticks and mildew and care of the feet and keeping your messkit clean so you wouldn't get dysentery too often. Monkeys you saw and heard by the hundreds, bounding and swinging over the roof of the jungle. Their staccato baby-like barking was a handy alarm when Japanese patrols were around.

You would always remember how, even on the hottest days, the jungle trails, overhung with vegetation, were wet and slippery underfoot. You would remember the monsoon rains, those dreary gray months when every leather thing you

owned including your wallet mildewed and rotted, when building a fire was almost as tough as building a bridge, when you lived on hills because every valley was a river and every river a swirling torrent.

You would remember the droning of transport planes circling over your jungle clearing, and the heavy thud of food and of grain for the mules and of ammunition as they dropped from the planes onto a rice paddy and the parachutes collapsed.

You would remember the Kachin women gathering up the parachutes from the fields and making turbans and blouses and sarong-like lungyis from the gal-colored rayon. You would remember 12-inch orchids growing in the crotches of strange trees.

But you would remember best little memory pictures coming back to you in slow-motion like scenes from a movie. The time you saw Dr. Gordon Seagrave, author of "Burma Surgeon," sitting stolidly in his jeep at Myitkyina air strip waiting for a convoy of his Burmese nurses to fly in from another area. The tiny tan girls arrived, dressed in pastel-hued lungyis, and stuffed themselves happily into the jeep, all seven of them fitting in without crowding, swirling around the impassive Seagrave like chicks around a mother hen. Seagrave, unspeaking and tired-looking in his dirty khaki clothes, drove them away, toward a frontline aid station, the girls gay, giggling and chattering in their soft, strange tongue like a convention of excited chipmunks.

You would remember one afternoon when you and your buddies bathed in a clean smooth-flowing stream near Walabum, splashing around naked in the cool water under the oblique sun. Washing themselves with you were a couple of



dozen Chinese infantrymen. Some of Merrill's boys had their mules in the river and were washing them, and a few Chinese and Americans were squatting together under the shade of a bamboo thicket on the shore, washing their battle-worn uniforms on flat rocks.

But it was a long slow march through Burma, and the lazy beautiful Burma you had read about in Kipling you never got to see. Perhaps as the campaign progressed you would see the Moulmein Pagoda, the lush delta of the Irrawaddy and the end of the road to Mandalay. But if these sights were to be seen by other soldiers, you could still figure that in Burma you had seen and done plenty.

## CHINA

**Y**OU HAD heard stories about how tough flying the Hump was—about unarmed transports being jumped by Japanese fighters, about immense uncharted mountains looming up through the clouds, about freak plane-killing weather, about motor failures and bailouts.

But when your turn came, everything went pretty smoothly. The first sensation you and your fellow passengers had was one of comfort and pleasure at forsaking the moist heat of Assam for the coolness of the air over northern Burma. The big plane gained altitude steadily, lifting itself over gigantic thunderheads and over oceans of billowing cumulus which, with the sun on them, looked blindingly white, like incandescent snow.

Through breaks in these clouds you got to see the soaring jagged and awesome peaks of the Himalaya mountains, the highest ones covered with snow. Perhaps you caught a glimpse of the Burma Road, a corkscrew of orange dirt gashed into the convolutions of the green mountain range. You wore an oxygen mask and were cold and uncomfortable.

But when the plane skimmed over that last great mountain and you first saw below you the neat checkerboard pattern of the terraced earth of China, greens and browns and rice lakes gleaming in the sun, your excitement returned. For this was ancient and fabulous China, this was adventure, this was as far away from the good United States as any man could travel on this earth.

You found that GI life in China was neither soft nor hard, that there are in the world better and worse stations. Perhaps your first quarters were in a hostel with a tile roof turned up at the eaves and corners like the China you expected from looking at Chinese prints and reading Pearl Buck stories. However, your romantic roof leaked when it rained, and

the mud walls of the building cracked and buckled. Sharing your quarters were spiders, big mosquitos, fat rats and maybe fleas.

You also learned what the years of blockade have meant to China. For now you, too, were cut off from the rest of the world by the Japanese, by the world's highest mountains, by the wastelands of Mongolia. You too began to experience that walled-in feeling. Your mail arrived late. Unlike GI's at almost every other station in the world, you didn't get a beer ration. Your food was not Stateside, and you ate water buffalo steak, eggs, rice, cucumbers and corn until they came out your ears.

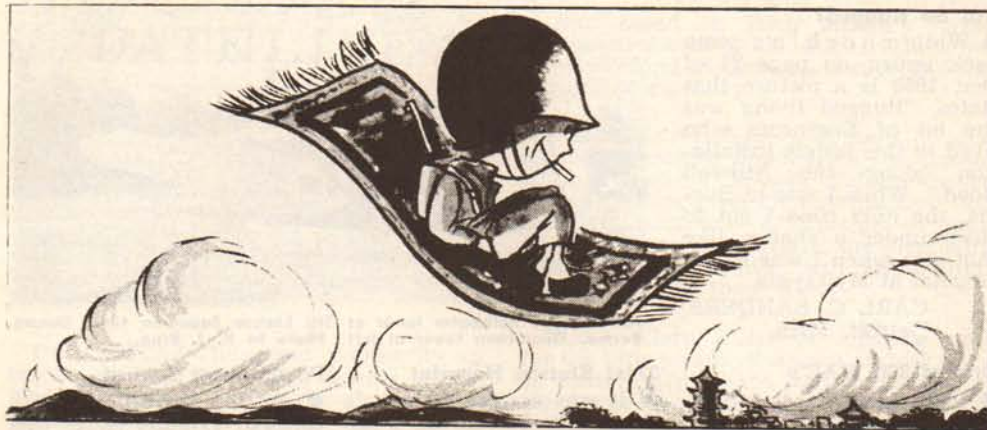
You also learned about inflation, and though your financial difficulties were minor compared to those of China's hungry millions, they were none the less annoying. You found that China was one of the few places in the world where the American soldier was not a relatively rich man. A good restaurant meal cost you two to four American dollars. A 20-minute rickshaw ride nicked you for 50 cents to a dollar.

Your fun was pretty scarce. Your stay in China was a long, monotonous grind for the most part, and toward the end it got so you felt you'd been in China all your life. An American woman was something to look at, like a rickshaw on Broadway. You saw an occasional nurse, a Red Cross hostess, a U.S.O. showgirl, a married and middle-aged missionary. But that was about all. You did manage to date that English-speaking secretary of the OWI in Chungking. She was a refugee from Shanghai, very gay and very pleasant, very pretty in her tight silk gown cut high at the throat and slit at each leg. But then you were transferred to an airbase in Kwangsi Province and anyway she had begun to go out with a major.

You would remember the heat and the shakey bombed buildings, the cave shelters and the crowded hilly streets of Chungking. You would remember Kunming — Gold Street, shop filled "GI Street," and riding a rickshaw over the rough cobblestones. You would remember the ancient walled city of Chengtu, so close to Tibet, so primitive and untouched by Western culture until the Air Corps flew in.

You would remember the pleasant tree-bordered streets of Kweilin, before the pillboxes were set up in the streets and the airbase had to be blown up and evacuated. You would remember the green Szechuan countryside, China's rice bowl, and the peasant women working thigh





deep in the paddy waters. You would remember that smiling ferryboat boy, he couldn't have been more than 10 years old, who poled you across the river at Hsinching. You would never forget the sight of a thousand coolies pulling a ten-ton roller over the B-29 fields, mass labor, the kind of mass, machineless sweat that built the Great Wall of China and the Pyramids of Egypt.

You'd remember a lot of other places, too, names which before you came to China were funny-sounding and outlandish, but were now as familiar to you as Evansville or Schenectady, names like Yunnanyi, Lungling, Hengyang, Changsha, Kweiyang, Chuanhsien, Paoching, Fow, Yochow, Hankow and Tung Ting Hu.

You would remember the time one of your Chinese friends invited you for dinner at his home. You met his cute little wife there and sat down with them at a low table loaded with an array of steamed chicken, white rice, fresh well-cooked vegetables, sweets and tea. You did your best with the chopsticks, but fell so far behind on the several courses that your hosts insisted you put down the chopsticks and eat with the porcelain spoon-like scoop which was used to dish out the rice. You put away four bowls of food. After the meal you passed around American cigarettes and sat back with a contented feeling in your stomach which you hadn't had since your last good Stateside feed.

What would you take home from China? Souvenirs, of course — that silver water-cooled pipe you bought in Chengtu; those rice bowls of flexible Foochow lacquer you bought in Kweilin; that brocaded and embroidered Mandarin coat you'd acquired for \$100 U.S. as a gift for your girl or wife; that jagged bomb

splinter you picked up from Hengyang field.

But mostly you would take back memories. You would never erase from your mind the months of work, of combat, of boredom and of loneliness. But you would also remember that quiet Sunday afternoon when you visited the Buddhist temples with that Chinese girl from the local University. You would remember driving that battered and heavily-loaded truck to the Salween front through the wild and beautiful mountains of Yunnan.

One thing you would always remember about China, despite the difficulties, was the broad smile and the thumbs up "ding hao" of the Chinese in every walk of life. You got that "ding hao" and that friendly smile from the Chinese foot soldier on the march, from the farmer in his paddy, from the rickshaw coolie, even from tiny children barely able to walk.

And you looked forward to visiting China again after the war, to putting your wife and kids aboard a comfortable ship at San Francisco and sailing with them to Shanghai or Canton. Or perhaps you would fly, with a stopover at Tokyo.

You wanted to see big-city China, the China the enemy occupied during your service. You came to China through its back door and got to know it, its people, its farm country, its back yard, with an intimacy the ordinary Western tourist never had. You and China had been campaigners together. You looked forward to visiting China's big cities in peacetime in the same way you looked forward to visiting the comfortable Stateside home of a GI friend you met for the first time in a China barracks.

— THE END



### Not So Rugged?

● While checking some back issues, on page 27 of Dec. 1953 is a picture that states, "Rugged living was the lot of Engineers who lived in this jungle installation along the Stilwell Road." When I was in Burma, the only time I got to sleep under a shelter like that was when I was in the hospital at Myitkyina.

CARL C. SANDERS,  
Detroit, Mich.

### One of 300 WAC's

● Just received the Sept. issue from a friend and enjoyed reading it so much. There were so many familiar names and pictures of familiar places in this particular issue. I was stationed in India and China as one of the 300 WAC's at Headquarters of Gen. Geo. E. Stratemeyer's command.

RUTH C. YOUNG,  
Beaver Falls, Pa.

### Caught by Pin

● Your lapel pin ad states that the pin will catch the eye of "any CBI-er you happen to meet." I happened to run into a Mr. Churchill in the next town by the little lapel pin he was wearing and had quite a chat. Send me one of the pins.

GEORGE EARLE, JR.,  
W. Bridgewater, Mass.



AIR RESCUE helicopter lands at 5th Liaison Squadron field, Bhamo, Burma. Operations tower at left. Photo by R. J. Brun.

### 371st Station Hospital

● It was a splendid article about the Medics in your November issue. I was on the *Egra* when the *Rhona* was bombed and sunk. Walked to Myitkyina as a Medic with the Marauders and Chinese on this long and tough march. Got my gold bar and was with the 371st Station Hospital in Ramgarh and Kanchrapara. Would like to hear from some of the old gang.

JOE PIETRUSINSKI,  
8534 Essex,  
Chicago 17, Ill.

### 14th Air Depot Gp.

● Was with the 14th Air Depot Group at Panagarh, India, and Kiangwan, China. Would like to hear from any former members.

ROBERT G. SHEETS,  
Coraopolis, Pa.

### Posthumous Award

● A story in the Nov. 11th Chicago Tribune states that Chaplain Emil J. Kapaun, 35, who served in CBI and Korea, has been awarded the Legion of Merit in death. Chaplain Kapaun died in a prison camp hospital May 6, 1951. From CBI he held the DSC and the Bronze Star Medal.

ROBERT D. GOULD,  
Chicago, Ill.

## Back Issues!

PRICE 25c EACH

1948

☐ Sept.,

1949

☐ Sept.,

1950

☐ June

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1952

☐ Jan.,

☐ Mar.,

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☐ July

☐ Aug.

☐ Sept.

☐ Oct.

☐ Nov.

☐ Dec.

## The Roundup

P. O. Box 1769  
Denver 1, Colo.



REPRESENTATIVES of the 45th and 60th Portable Surgical Hospitals with banners presented to them for conspicuous service by Maj. Gen. T. Lee, 22nd Chinese Division. The three Americans pictured are Lt. Alton Peyton, Capt. M. J. Dardas, and Capt. F. S. Manuela.





News dispatches from recent issues of the  
Calcutta Statesman

**DELHI**—It is expected that Mr. Chester Bowles, former U. S. Ambassador to India, will pay a brief visit to this country early next year. His visit will follow a tour of Africa under the auspices of the Rockefeller Foundation.

**CALCUTTA**—The great popularity of the Durga Puja festival in Bengal is perhaps accounted for by the fact that it usually takes place at the beginning of autumn, known in Bengali as *hemanta*. In Bengal, Durga Puja forms the most popular of the Hindu festivals. It continues for three days and is the greatest holiday of the year.

**CALCUTTA**—About 901,000, or 59% of the total number of Central Government employees, excluding non-civilians, in the armed forces, were paid below Rs. 51 per month (About \$10.75).

**BOMBAY**—Sixty-nine American tourists who are on a 26,000 mile round-the-world cruise arrived in Bombay today (Oct. 4) aboard the American liner "S. S. President Monroe." Thirty-three of the tourists will disembark in Bombay and leave in two special planes to see historical monuments in New Delhi and the Taj Mahal in Agra. They will board their vessel at Karachi on Oct. 8. The other tourists will sail on to Karachi. The tourists left New York in August and are expected to complete their cruise by Nov. 17th.

**BOMBAY**—Almost the entire fire-fighting fleet of the Bombay Fire Brigade struggled for over two hours to control a fire that completely gutted two silk textile mills at Tardeo, Central Bombay.

**JAIPUR**—The Maharaja Rana of Dholpur died at Dehra Dun on Oct. 23rd. He is believed to have suffered heart failure. A holiday was declared in the former Dholpur State next day.

**CHERRAPUNJI**—The monsoon season is over for this community which annually receives an average of 600 inches of rainfall. Including a 4.1 inch rain on Oct. 27, the town's total rainfall for the month of October was only 10.7 inches.

**NEW DELHI**—The usual facilities will be given by the Government of India to American producers who intend to shoot a film based on John Master's novel, "Bhowani Junction" in India. These relate to refund of Customs duties and exchange of currency.

**KARIMGANJ, Assam**—A herd of wild elephants, coming down from the Cachar Hills, raided a 50-acre refugee-owned farm at Kalingar on the night of Oct. 19th and left ruin and destruction in their wake. Trumpeting wildly, the elephants, numbering about 100, sent the settlers scampering for their lives.

**TURA (Garo Hills)**—A separate state for the hills people of Assam, to be known as Eastern Hill State, was demanded of the three-day conference of hill tribal leaders here.

**CALCUTTA**—Two persons were killed and two injured in an explosion in north Calcutta Sept. 28th. Police believed an army explosive left over after World War II was responsible for the explosion.

**AGRA**—The Taj Mahal will figure in a television program projected by the NBC in America for the middle of October. Chester Kronfeld, an American cameraman, arrived in Delhi October 1st for the purpose. Kronfeld left for Agra in a chartered plane from which he will take aerial shots of the famous mausoleum. These, along with views of other historic monuments, will be shown in the NBC special show sponsored by the Ford Foundation.

**MOKAMEH**—A contract to the value of about 75,000,000 rupees for the construction of a combined road and railway bridge across the Ganges at Mokameh has been awarded.

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## Commander's Message

by  
**Charles A. Mitchell**  
National Commander  
China-Burma-India  
Veterans Assn.

Hi, Gang:

I've had good response to my last few monthly messages. Some chewing the organization out, but most of them praising the CBIVA, so we are evidently on the right track.

The following statements are not to be considered an over-all picture of the CBI group and are not directed to a certain group or persons and I certainly hope none is embarrassed. A lady in my home town asked me if I was the one connected with the CBI veterans group. My answer, of course, being "yes," she then went on to tell me her husband was stationed in India during the war but he doesn't want to talk about it or have anyone even mention it. I don't know what this boy told his wife about India, but I personally think he's afraid to let his wife find out that he didn't kill sixteen Japs before breakfast each day.

I personally have attended each and every CBIVA reunion. I don't think during the seven reunions that one-half hour has been spent talking about the actual war. Nostalgia and reminiscing are about the only things we have time for at reunions, so get to St. Louis next August. No one cares what rank you held or how much you FUBARD by the numbers. Just get there and I promise you'll meet the finest bunch of boys and girls you have ever met.

St. Louis is within easy reach of everyone in the United States and there

*This space is contributed to the CBIVA by Ex-CBI Roundup as a service to the many readers who are members of the Assn., of which Roundup is the official publication. It is important to remember that CBIVA and Roundup are entirely separate organizations. Your subscription to Roundup does not entitle you to membership in CBIVA, nor does your membership in CBIVA entitle you to a subscription to Roundup. You need not be a member of CBIVA in order to subscribe to Roundup and vice versa.—Ed.*

is no reason why there shouldn't be at least one thousand registered. Janice, my wife, and myself are on our way to St. Louis, November 6, to attend the first executive meeting.

I have just received a telegram from Meyer and Kretchmar, the 1955 chairmen, telling me that our meeting is at the Jefferson Hotel, the site of the 1955 reunion. Plans will be drafted at that time toward the wants and needs of the men, ladies and children who will attend the eighth annual reunion. I have had several reservations sent me at this early date. Start sending them in. Bring the family this year to the shores of the Mississippi and the land of Budweiser.

Janice and I wish to take this opportunity to extend season's greetings and the wish that the coming years will encourage more and more of the readers of Roundup to join and attend the reunions of the CBIVA.

CHARLES A. MITCHELL,  
2322 S. Burdick Street,  
Kalamazoo, Michigan

## CLOSE OUT!

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See Back Cover, May 1954 Issue

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### Meant Little Before

● Have yet to receive a magazine that hasn't an article or picture of places where I have been while stationed there from 1942 to 1946. India never meant much to me while I was there, but now as I read Roundup I realize India has a lot of interesting places. Being assigned here in the Middle East I find the customs and mode of living much the same as India. Am returning Stateside next March so will try to make the 1955 Reunion at St. Louis. If I do it will be my first one.

S/Sgt. A. D. LEMOINE,  
USAF Mission,  
Ankara, Turkey

### Patch in Movie

● Enclosing renewal to my favorite magazine. Saw the picture, "Francis Joins the WACs" the other night. Did the sight of that CBI shoulder patch look good, and when they mentioned the Burma Road, did it bring back memories! Wouldn't have missed that trip for all the tea in Assam.

RAY C. MASSEY,  
Mt. Vernon, Mo.



ANN SHERIDAN (center) and girls of U.S.O. troupe at lunchtime, Myitkyina, Burma. Ann looks either tired or tired of army chow.

### 'Medics and Nurses'

● "Medics and Nurses" is one of the best stories to appear in Roundup. Having been a patient in the 20th General Hospital at Ledo, I particularly enjoyed mention of this great medical center. The doctors and nurses who brought us out of that stinking mess safely deserve more than the usual mention of credit.

LAWRENCE POCZAK,  
Madison, Wis.

### Out of Reach

● Had hoped to make the trip back to India with some of you CBI-ers but that price tag is way out of my reach . . . .

R. J. LUEDMANN,  
St. Paul, Minn.

### Who Did Who the Favor?

● For a long time a friend of mine at the office has been telling me I should subscribe to your magazine. Last week he told me he had entered your contest and as a favor to him I finally took a subscription. Received my first copy today and I'm kicking myself all over the place for not taking his advice earlier. Believe me, your contest caused me to become acquainted with Ex-CBI Roundup and I'll never be without it again. Congratulations on a wonderful, interesting publication.

JOHN SARTONO,  
Phila., Pa.

### 181st General Hospital

● The magazine is a connecting link between yesterday and today. Was with the 181st General Hospital.

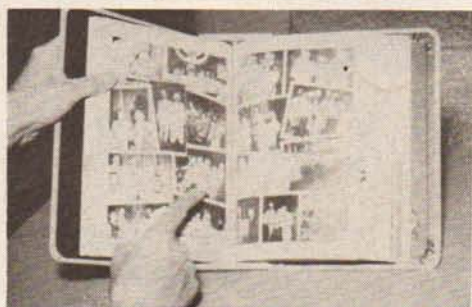
L. J. PRICE,  
Concord, N. C.



COMEDIAN JOE E. BROWN drives a bargain with Chinese street merchant at Kunming as American soldiers and Chinese kids look on. U.S. Army photo.



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